



## THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,  
The snaws the mountains cover,  
Like winter on me seizes,  
Since my young Highland Rover  
Far wanders nations over.  
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
May heaven be his warden;  
Return him back to fair STRATHSPEY,  
And bonny CASTLE GORDON.

The trees now naked groaning,  
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
The birdies dowie moaning,  
Shall a' be blythely singing,  
And ev'ry flow'r be springing.  
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
When by his mighty warden,  
My youth's return'd to fair STRATHSPEY,  
And bonny CASTLE GORDON.

# *The Young Highland Rover*

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(Gaelic)

Andante

Loud blaw the fros - ty breezes, The snaws the mountains  
co - ver, Like win - ter on me seiz - es, Since  
my young Highland Rover Far wanders nations o - ver. Where -  
- e'er he go, where'er he stray, May heaven be his war - den. Re -  
- turn him safe to fair Strathspey, And bon - ny Castle Gordon.